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THE
OAK,

AND THE
DUNG HILL.

A
FABLE.

My John Garry

Et vincere Inglorium, & atteri Sordidum, arbitratur.
Tacit. in vitâ Agric.

LONDON,
Printed: and Sold by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.

MDCCXXVIII.

THE
O A K
AND THE
D U N G H I L L
A
F A B L E



Et cinere Inglorum & cinere Sordidum arbitror
Tunc in vita Agric.

L O N D O N

Printed: and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane.

MDCCLXXIII



T H E

OAK, *and the* DUNGHILL.

A F A B L E.



N a fair Mead a Dunghill lay,
That rotting smoakt, and stunk away;
To an excessive Bigness grown,
By Night-men's Labours on him thrown.

Ten thousand Nettles from him sprung;
Who ever came but near, was stung.
Nor ever fail'd He, to produce
The baneful Hemlock's deadly Juice:
Such as of old at *Athens* grew,
When Patriots thought it *Phocion's* Due;
And for the Man its Poison prest,
Whose Merit shone above the rest.

Th. In.

B

Not

Not far from hence, strong-rooted stood
A sturdy Oak; it self a Wood!

With friendly Height, o'ertopt the Grove,
And look'd, the Fav'rite Tree of *Jove*.

Beneath his hospitable Shade,

The Shepherds all, at Leisure, plaid;

They fear'd no Storms of Hail, or Rain;

His Boughs protected all the Plain:

Gave Verdure to the Grass around,

And beautify'd the neighb'ring Ground.

The Gracious Landlord joy'd to see

The prosp'rous Vigour of his Tree;

And often sought, when in Distress,

This Oak's oracular Redress:

Sprung from the old *Dedonian* Grove,

Which told to Men the Will of *Jove*.

His Boughs He oft with Chaplets crown'd,

With azure Ribbons bound them round;

And there, in Golden Letters wrought,

Ill to the Man, who Evil thought.

With envious Rage, the *Dunghill* view'd

Merit, with Honour, thus pursued.

Th' In-

Th' Injustice of the Times, he moan'd;
 With inward Jealousy, he groan'd.
 A Voice at length, pierc'd thro' the Smoke,
 And thus, the Patriot Dunghill spoke.

If a proud Look forerun a Fall,
 And Insolence for Vengeance call;
 Dost Thou not fear, insulting Oak!
 The just, th' impending Hatchet's Stroke?
 When all the Farmers of the Town,
 Shall come with Joy, to pull Thee down;
 And wear thy Leaves, all blythe, and gay,
 Some happy RESTORATION DAY.
 For 'tis reserv'd to those good Times,
 To punish all thy matchless Crimes.
 Beyond the *Alps*, my Mind now sees
 The Man, shall fell such Traytor Trees.
 To Heav'n, 'tis true, thy Branches grow;
 But thy Roots stretch to Hell below.
 Oh! that my Utt'rance cou'd keep pace,
 In cursing Thee, and all thy Race!
 Thou Plunderer! grown rich by Crimes:
 Thou *Woolsey* of these modern Times!

Thou

Thou curst *Sejanus* of the Plain!
 Thou Slave, of a *Tiberian* Reign!
Empson and *Dudley*! ---- *Star* and *Garter*! ----
 A *Knez*! ---- a *Menzicoff*! ---- a *Tartar*!

Th' astonish'd Farmers all around
 Stood gaping, at th' impetuous Sound;
 The Dunghill in high Triumph lay,
 And swore the Oak had nought to say.
 His Work was done; ---- the Farmers All
 Might gather round, and see him fall.
 Not so th' Event. ---- the Oak was seen
 To flourish more, in fresher green,
 By Scandal unprovok'd He stood;
 And answer'd thus, the Heap of Mudd.

When Folly, Noise, and Slander rage,
 And Calumny reforms the Age;
 They, in the Wise no Passions raise;
 Their Clamours turn to real Praise:
 Yet sure, hard-fated is the Tree,
 Reduc'd to spatter Dirt, with Thee.

Soon

Soon should a Branch, from off my Side,
 Chastise thine Insolence, and Pride,
 Did not the Wife obtain their Ends,
 As well from Enemies, as Friends.
 Thus, some Increase thy Heap receives,
 Ev'n from the falling of my Leaves;
 Which, like false Friends, when dropt from Me,
 Assimilate, and turn to Thee.
 But be they thine. ----- New Seasons spread
 New Honours, o'er my rising Head.

F I N I S.



Soon should a Branch, torn off my Side,
Charitable Intolerance, and Pride,
Did not the Wife obtain their Ends,
As well from Enemies, as Friends,
Thus, some Insects thy Heap receive;
Ev'n from the falling of my Leaves;
Which, like false Friends, when dropt from Me, do
Affiliate, and turn to Me, as I do
But be they thine. New Scions spring up,
New Honours, or my rising Health,
I do not see how I can bring
New Honours, or my rising Health,
I do not see how I can bring

